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ON SINGULARITY OF MANNERS.

THERE are few people of such mortified pretensions, as patiently to acquiesce under the total neglect of mankind; nay so ambitious are most men of distinction, that they chuse to be taken notice of, even for their absurdities, rather than to be entirely overlooked, and lost in obscurity, and, if they despair of exciting the attention of the world, by any brilliant or useful accomplishment, they will endeavour to regain it by some ridiculous peculiarity in their dress, their equipage or accoutrements.

But if we must distinguish ourselves from the rest of mankind, let it be by our intrinsic virtue, our temperance and sobriety, and a conscientious regard to every relative duty; but as we ought "to think with the wise, and talk with the vulgar," let us also act differently from a great part of the world in matters of importance, but conform to them in trifles. This is what Seneca so forcibly inculcates in his fifth epistle to his friend Lucilius.

"I both approve of your conduct, and sincerely rejoice that you resolutely exert yourself; and, laying aside every other pursuit, make it your whole study to improve yourself in wisdom and virtue. And I not only exhort, but earnestly intreat you to persevere in this course.

Give me leave however, to caution you not to imitate those pretended philosophers, who are more solicitous to attract the notice of the world, than to make a progress in wisdom; nor to affect any thing singular in your dress, or in your manner of life. Avoid that preposterous ambition of gaining applause, by your uncouth appearance, your hair uncombed, and your beard neglected; nor be always declaiming against the use of plate, of soft beds, or any thing of that kind. The very name of a philosopher is sufficiently invidious, though managed with the greatest modesty and discretion.

Suppose we have entered upon our stoical plan, and began to sequester ourselves from the conversation and customs of the vulgar; let every thing *within* be dissimilar; but let our *outward* appearance be conform-

able to the rest of the world. Let not our apparel be splendid or showy, nor yet mean or sordid. Let not our plate be embossed with gold; but let us not imagine, that the mere want of such expensive plate is a sufficient proof of our frugality. Let us endeavour to live a better life, not merely a life contrary to that of the vulgar; otherwise, instead of conciliating the favour of those whom we wish to reform, we shall excite their aversion, and drive them from our company; we shall also deter them from imitating us in any thing, when they are afraid that they are to imitate us in every thing.

The first advantages which philosophy promises are, a just sense of the common rights of mankind, humanity, and a sociable disposition; from which advantages, singularity and dissimilar manners will entirely seclude us. Let us beware, lest those peculiarities by which we hope to excite the admiration, should expose us to the ridicule and aversion, of mankind.

Our object is to live according to nature; but to torture our bodies, to abhor cleanliness in our persons, when attended with no trouble, or affect a cynical filthiness in our food; this sure is living contrary to nature. As it is a mark of luxury to hunt after delicacies, to reject the common unexpensive comforts of life is a degree of madness. Our stoic philosophy requires us to be frugal, not to mortify ourselves; but there is such a thing as an elegant frugality. This moderation is what I would recommend."

SOCIETY.

SOCIETY has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat, a just emblem of the strength, the happiness, and the security, derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he, who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers, dark, dead, and useless; they neither give nor receive any heat, neither love or are beloved.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

With a relation of the most remarkable occurrences in the life of the celebrated COUNT PULASKI, well known as the champion of American Liberty, and who bravely fell in its defence before Savannah, 1779.

Interpersed with Anecdotes of the late unfortunate KING of POLAND, so recently dethroned.

(Continued from page 99.)

ENCOURAGED in this manner, what dangers had I to fear? I departed accordingly, but in the course of that campaign, there happened nothing worthy of narration; the enemy, equally careful with ourselves to avoid any action which might produce an open war between the two nations, contented themselves with fatiguing us by means of frequent marches: we, on the other hand, bounded our views to following and observing them; and they only seemed to oppose themselves to us, in those parts where the open country afforded them an opportunity of making good their retreat.

At the end of the campaign, they prepared to retire on purpose to take up their winter-quarters in their own country; and our little army, composed almost wholly of gentlemen, separated soon after.

I returned to Warsaw full of joy and impatience; I thought that Love and Hymen were about to bestow Lodoiska on me.—Alas! I no longer had a father. I learned, on entering the capital, that Lovzinski died of an apoplexy on the night before my arrival. Thus I was deprived of even the sad consolation of receiving the last sighs of the most tender of parents; I could only offer up my sorrows at his tomb, which I bathed with my tears!

—"It is not," says Pulaski to me, who was but little moved with my profound sorrow; "it is not by means of barren tears, that you can do honour to a father such as thine. Poland in him regrets a Citizen—a hero, who would have been of immense service during the critical moment which now approaches. Worn out with a tedious malady, our monarch has not a fortnight to live, and on the choice of his successor depends the happiness or misery of our fellow-citizens."

"Of all the rights which the death of your father transmits to you, the most noble is undoubtedly that of assisting at the Diet, in which you are to represent him; it is there where he will revive in you; it is there, where you ought to exhibit a courage infinitely more difficult to be sustained than that which consists only in braving death in the field of battle!

"The valour of a soldier is nothing more than a common virtue; but they are not ordinary men who on awful emergencies, preserving a tranquil courage, and displaying an active penetration, discover the projects of the powerful who cabal, disconcert the enterprises of the intriguing, and confront the designs of the factious; who, always firm, incorruptible, and just, give not their suffrages but to those whom they think most worthy of them; whom neither gold nor promises can seduce, whom prayers cannot bend, whom menaces cannot terrify.

"These were the virtues which distinguished your father; this is the precious inheritance which you ought to be desirous of sustaining. The day on which the states assemble for the election of a king, will be the epoch on which the pretensions of many of our fellow-citizens, more occupied with their private interests than jealous of the prosperity of their country, will be manifested, as well as the pernicious designs of the neighbouring powers, whose cruel policy it is to destroy our strength by dividing it.

"I am deceived, my friend, if the fatal moment is not fast approaching, which will for ever fix the destinies of our country,—its enemies have conspired its ruin; they have secretly prepared for a revolution;—but they shall not consummate their purposes while my arm can sustain a sword! May that God, who is the protector of the republic, prevent all the horrors of a civil war! But that extremity, however frightful it appears, may perhaps become necessary; I flatter myself that it will be but a short, although perhaps a violent crisis, after which the regenerated state will assume its ancient splendour.

"You shall second my efforts Lovzinski; the feeble interests of love ought to disappear before more sacred claims. I cannot present my daughter to you during this awful moment of suspense, when our common country is in danger; but I promise to you, that the first days of peace shall be marked by your union with Lodoiska."

Pulaski did not speak in vain. I felt that I had now more essential duties to fulfil than those of love; but the cares with which my mind was occupied, were hardly able to alleviate my grief. I will even avow to you, without blushing, that the sorrow of my sisters, their tender friendship, and the caresses more reserved but no less pleasing of my mistress, made a stronger impression on my heart than the patriotic counsels of Pulaski. I beheld Lodoiska tenderly affected with my irreparable loss, and as much afflicted as myself at the cruel events which forced us to defer our union; my chagrin, by being thus divided with that lovely woman, seemed insensibly to diminish.

In the mean time the king dies, and the Diet is convoked. On the day that it was to open, at the very instant when I was about to repair to the assembly, a stranger presented himself, and desired to speak to me in private. As soon as my attendants were retired, he enters my apartment with precipitation, throws himself into my arms, and tenderly embraces me. It was M. de P.—! Ten years, which had elapsed since our separation, had not so much changed his features as to prevent me from recognizing him, and testifying my joy and surprise at his unexpected return.

"You will be more astonished," says he to me, "when you know the cause. I have arrived this instant, and am about to repair to the meeting of the Diet;—would it be presuming too much on your friendship to reckon on your vote?"

"On my vote! and for whom?"

"For myself," continues he with vivacity; "it is not now time to recount to you the happy revolution that has taken place in my fortune, and which at present permits me to entertain such exalted hopes: it is sufficient to observe, that my ambition is at least justified by a majority of suffrages, and that it is in vain that two feeble rivals would attempt to dispute with me the crown to which I pretend."

"Lovzinski," adds he, embracing me again, "if you were not my friend, and I esteemed you less, perhaps I should endeavour to dazzle you by means of promises; perhaps I should recount to you the favours which I intend to heap upon you, the honourable distinctions that are reserved for you, and the noble and glorious career that is about to offer itself to your ambition;—but I have not any need of seducing, and I only wish to persuade you."

"I behold it with grief, and you know it as well as myself, that for several years past our Poland, become enfeebled, owes its safety to nothing else than the distrust of the three great powers* which surround it, and the desire to enrich themselves with our spoils, may in one moment re-unite our divided enemies."

"Let us prevent, if we can, this inauspicious triumvirate from dismembering the republic. Undoubtedly, in more fortunate times, our ancestors were able to maintain the freedom of their elections; it is necessary however that we should yield to that necessity which is become inevitable."

"Russia will necessarily protect a king, whom she herself has elevated; in receiving the sovereign of her choice, you will defeat the views of that triple alliance which will render our perdition certain, and we shall acquire a powerful ally, who will oppose herself with success to the two enemies that remain to us."

"These are the reasons which have determined my conduct; I do not abandon part of our rights, but to preserve the most precious of them. I wish not to ascend a fickle throne, but with the intention, by the means of a sage policy, to give it stability; I consent not to alter the constitution of the commonwealth, but to preserve the kingdom entire."

We repaired to the Diet together; I voted for M. de P—. He in effect obtained the majority of the suffrages; but Pulaski, Zuremba, and some others, declared themselves in favour of Prince C—. Nothing was decided amidst the tumult of this first meeting.

When the assembly broke up, M. de P— invited me to accompany him to the palace, which his secret emissaries had already prepared for him in the capital†. We shut ourselves up together during several hours, and renewed the promises of a friendship that should endure for ever. I then too informed M. de P— of my intimate connection with Pulaski, and of my love for Lodoiska. He repaid my confidence with more important communications; he informed me of the events

which had led to his approaching grandeur; he explained to me his secret designs; and I left him, convinced that he was less occupied with the desire of his own elevation, than with that of restoring Poland to its ancient prosperity.

Possessed with these ideas, I flew towards my future father-in-law, burning with the desire of adding him to the party of my friend. Pulaski was walking at a great pace up and down the chamber of his daughter, who appeared equally agitated with himself.

"Behold," said he to Lodoiska, the moment that he saw me enter, "behold that man whom I esteem, and whom you love! He has sacrificed us both to his blind friendship." I was desirous to reply, but he went on—"You have been connected from your childhood with M. de P—. A powerful faction is about to place him on the throne; you know you are acquainted with his designs; this very morning, at the diet, you voted for him;—you have deceived me:—but do you think that you shall deceive me with impunity?"

I besought him to hear me, and he constrained himself so far as to preserve a stern silence: I then informed him that M. de P—, whom I had for a long time neglected, had agreeably surprised me by his unexpected return.

Lodoiska appeared charmed to hear me commence my justification.—"You shall not deceive me in the same manner as if I were a credulous woman, says Pulaski.—But it signifies not---proceed."

I then recounted to him the particulars of the short conversation that I had with M. de P— before I repaired to the assembly of the states.

"And these are your projects!" exclaims he. "M. de P— sees no other remedy for the misfortunes of his fellow-citizens than their slavery! He proposes this, one of the name of Lovzinski, approves of it; and they despise me so much as to tempt me to enter into this infamous plot! Shall I behold the Russians commanding in our provinces in the name of a Pole?"

"The Russians, say I with fury; the Russians reign in my country!" On this Pulaski, advancing towards me with the greatest impetuosity, cries out: "Perfidious youth! you have deceived me, and you would betray the state! Leave my house this very moment, or know that I shall order you to be dragged out of it!"

I frankly acknowledge that an affront so cruel, and so little merited, disarmed me of my prudence; in the first transports of my fury, I placed my hand upon my sword; and quicker than lightning Pulaski brandished his in the air.

His daughter, his distracted daughter, rushed forward, and precipitated herself upon me, crying, out: "Lovzinski, what are you about to do?" On hearing the accents of a voice so dear to me, I recalled my wandering reason; but I perceived that a single instant was about for ever to bereave me of my Lodoiska! She had left me to throw herself into the arms of her father. He, cruel man, beheld my grief, and strove to augment it: "Go, traitor!" says he, "be gone---you behold Lodoiska for the last time!"

(To be continued.)

* Russia, Prussia, and the House of Austria.

† The diet for the election of the kings of Poland is held half a league from Warsaw, in the open air, on the other side of the Vistula, near to the village of Vola.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON MUSIC.

(Continued from page 103.)

MUSIC is capable of a variety so infinite, so greatly does the most simple differ from the most complex, and so multiplied are the degrees between those two extremes, that in no age could the incidents respecting that fascinating art have been few or uninteresting: But, that accounts of these incidents should be handed down to us, scanty and imperfect, is no matter of surprize, when we recollect that the history of music is the history only of sounds, of which writing is a very inadequate medium; and that men would long employ themselves in the pleasing exercise of cultivating music before they possessed either the ability or the inclination to record their exertions.

No accurate traces, therefore, of the actual state of music, in the earlier ages of the world, can be discerned. Our ideas on the subject have no foundation firmer than conjecture and analogy.

It is probable, that among all the barbarous nations some degree of similarity is discernable in the style of their music. Neither will much difference appear during the first dawns of civilization. But in the more advanced periods of society, where the powers of the human mind are permitted without obstacle to exert their native activity and tendency to invention, and are at the same time affected by the infinite variety of circumstances and situations which before had no existence, and, which in one case accelerate and in another retard; then that similarity, once so distinguishable, gives place to the endless diversity of which the subject is capable.

The practice of music being universal in all ages and all nations, it would be absurd to attribute the invention of the art to any one man. It must have suffered a regular progression, through infancy, childhood, and youth, before it could arrive at maturity, the first attempts must have been rude and artless; probably the first flute was a reed of the lake. Music is supposed to have taken its rise in the earliest periods of society. "Juba," we find soon after the creation of the world; "was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ;" and it is more than probable that Moses, the most ancient of all writers, was well acquainted with this art. The Egyptians, were the promoters of science in the Hebrew nation, and Moses was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians. The sublime and animated song of Moses on the overthrow of Pharaoh in the red sea, was, we believe, adapted to the sweet strains of music; for we are told it was sung by Moses and the children of Israel:—After the conclusion of the song. "Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances; and Miriam answered them,

"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

We read in the Mosaic law of the sounds of trumpets in approaching the field of battle, and the power of trumpets in its religious observances.

A. O.

(To be continued.)

NEW-YORK, Sept. 26, 1796.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, among people who have not been corrupted by those artificial vices which fatally wait upon civilized life, exists in the greatest possible purity and constancy. The Abbé Fortis gives some curious particulars relative to the friendships of the Morlacchi, a people who inhabit the mountainous part of inland Dalmatia. Friendship is lasting among the Morlacchi. They have even made it a kind of religious point, and tie the sacred bond at the foot of the altar. The Sclavonian ritual contains a particular benediction, for the solemn union of two male or two female friends, in the presence of the congregation. The Abbé says, that he was present at the union of two young women; who were made *Pesestre* in the church of Perussich. The satisfaction that sparkled in their eyes when the ceremony was performed, gave a convincing proof, that delicacy of sentiments can lodge in minds not formed, or rather not corrupted by society, which we call civilized. The male friends thus united are called *Pobratimi*, and the females *Pesestre*, which mean half-brothers and half-sisters. Friendship between those of different sexes are not bound with so much solemnity, though perhaps in more ancient and innocent ages it was also the custom. From these consecrated friendships among the Morlacchi, and other nations of the same origin, it should seem that the *sworn brothers* arose, a denomination frequent enough among the common people in many parts of Europe. If discord happens to arise between two friends among the Morlacchi, it is talked of all over the country as a scandalous novelty; and there have been some examples of it of late years, to the great affliction of the old Morlacchi, who attribute the depravity of their countrymen to their intercourse with the Italians. Wine and strong liquors of which the nation is beginning to make daily abuse, after our example, will, of course, produce the same bad effects as among us.

Nor is the Abbé mistaken. When these simple people become more men of the world, the romantic part of their friendships will degenerate into that motly unintelligible thing which many people call friendship. Whoever, therefore, wishes to enjoy real friendship, must in the first place expect no more from man than the frailty of his nature will admit; and in the second place, he must not expect friendship from those, who from their ignorance are not enabled, or from their wickedness are not disposed, to perform acts of mutual benevolence in trying situations.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 103.)

"GOOD evening, my Lord," said she with evident confusion, "have you not met Lady Delier?"

"No, my Lady! I have not."

"She left me some time since, and might already have returned."

"Very strange! I am come to take leave, and meet you first by accident."

"Leave?" she replied with surprise, "Then you are determined to depart to-morrow."

"I must."

A long pause.

"And you are going to Ma***t?"

"To Ma***t, and from thence to my native country."

A second pause. At length she said with emphasis and affection: "Heaven protect you on your journey."

"Dearest Countess—"

"What is the matter with you, my Lord?" Amelia exclaimed, fixing her eyes on me, "Good God, how pale you look!"

The emotions of my heart were dreadful; my working bosom threatened to burst. "God knows," I replied with a faltering voice, "whether I shall see you again."

"We shall certainly meet again," said she, looking up to heaven.

"Merciful God! should my hopes blossom first beyond the grave."

"What hopes!" she exclaimed with inquisitive astonishment.

"And do you not divine how this separation will wound my heart?"

Amelia looked anxiously around, as if seeking Lady Delier; and then fixed her eyes again doubtfully on me.

"My Lord, your words and your behaviour are mysterious to me."

"Then receive their explanation kindly," I replied, letting myself down on one knee, and taking hold of her hand, "I love you."

The Countess was struck dumb with surprise.—

"And this you tell me when taking leave!" she lisped at length.

I fancied I perceived a soft pressure from her hand, and returned it with glowing lips. She bent her taper form to raise me up, and Lady Delier stepped suddenly between us. "What do I see?" she exclaimed, dissembling astonishment, "a declaration of love?"

Amelia remained silent, and the Baroness repeated her question.

"A declaration, my Lady!" I replied, but no answer.

"My sweet friend," she whispered archly in Amelia's ear, "I hope you will not let him despair."

"I cannot conceive, my Lord," Amelia replied, "why you make this declaration when taking leave!"

I told her nearly the same I had said to the Baroness in the morning. Amelia viewed me a long time with silent astonishment, and at length replied:

"A misunderstanding, a misunderstanding on both sides! very strange indeed!" she shook her head smiling.

"My dearest love," the Baroness exclaimed, "look at the Duke, how he watches every word of yours, in hope of receiving an answer."

Amelia seemed to hesitate what to reply; however, after a short silence, said to me with the innate dignity of a noble, generous mind: "My Lord, if you want to have a comfort, then I must beg you to forget me. But 'if you are in quest of a loving heart, then—' added she in a low accent, and with crimsoning cheeks, "you have found it."

I don't know what I replied, nor can I recollect what I said afterwards; for from the moment she had pronounced the confession of her reciprocal love, I thought myself transported to Paradise, and breathed in a new and better sphere. The possession of Amelia's heart, ensured to me by the declaration of her own lips, had expelled from my breast every terrestrial wish; my whole nature seemed to me exalted and purified of all earthly dregs, and the flame which had penetrated my frame, was a sacred fire cleared of every particle of sensuality. O! innocent love, thou offspring of the sacred affinity of two congenial souls, thou art perhaps the sole species of union and enjoyment, which is capable to afford us here below a notion of the union and the pleasure of the inhabitants of the heavenly regions. How natural therefore, if we, particularly in the first moments of enjoyment, are incapable to express such sentiments by words. However, my faltering accents, my confused expressions, and my incoherent sentences, seemed nevertheless to be as well understood by Amelia, as if she were reading in my soul, which I could conclude from her words, and the still plainer speaking play of her mien. Love had diffused over her countenance new and unspeakable charms, which surrounded her with a glory that made her appear to me a more than mortal being. And to be beloved by her—that bliss would have overpowered me, if I had not been made acquainted with my happiness in the morning.

Lady Delier, who had left us to ourselves all the time, interrupted us at length. "Children!" said she, "do you know that it is not far from eleven o'clock?" I started up as if some grisly spectre had surprised me, because I recollected the *Unknown*, eleven o'clock being the time when I had promised to meet him at the place of rendezvous at a considerable distance.

To take leave!—without knowing whether I should ever see her again, for I was to depart the next morn with the dawn of day. This idea overpowered me so much, that I promised Amelia and myself to visit her once more to-morrow before my departure. Our separation was, nevertheless, so afflicting, the parting on both sides so difficult, and the last adieu pronounced with quivering lips.—Alas! a secret presentiment seemed to

whisper in my ear that we should meet no more. How many times did I attempt to go and stopped again—how many times did I go and return again to assure Amelia that I should certainly see her once more!—Her emotions seemed, indeed, to be less vehement than mine, however, I could not be deceived, and observing the secret workings of her soul, perceived the pearly tear that started from her eye, and the violent heaving of her bosom.

Lady Delier did not long remain an idle spectator, exhorting us to dedicate the present moment to joy, and to yield to our grief to-morrow, tearing the Countess from my arms, and wishing me a good night.

I stopped once more on the terrace, saw the two ladies retiring to a grove, of beech-trees, and Amelia turned twice, beckoning to me. My tears flowed fluently, my arms were expanded for her, the darkness of the night concealed her from my wishful looks. I rushed mechanically into the street, and arrived at the place of rendezvous without knowing how. It was a lonely spot covered with trees. The Irishman soon joined me.

"My time is short," he said, "and I have to tell you a great deal; let us sit down." So saying he led me to a stone bench beneath a spreading oak, and we seated ourselves.

He seemed to observe my being violently agitated, and kept a long and solemn silence to give me time to recover.—"I wish, my dear Duke!"—he at length began, "that you may not expect more from this interview than I am allowed to give. I must confine myself merely to the theoretical part of that occult science to which I have promised to initiate you after the time of probation shall be finished. However, it is here as it is with all other sciences; the pupil of sense guesses by the theory, what he may expect from the practical part of the science—as a painter beholds in a sketch the picture which is to be drawn, or as an architect sees in the plan drawn on the paper the building which is to be constructed; be therefore satisfied with what I dare impart to you for the present."

"I do not desire you to disclose to me, more than I am able to bear at present."

The Irishman paused again, and then began thus:

"If our powers of perception were confined only to our senses, the visible world would then encompass all our ideas, sentiments, wishes and hopes. No idea of spirits, of God and of immortality would raise us above the sphere of materiality. In order to produce art to conceive these ideas, a supersensible faculty is required. This faculty which, if closely examined, bears not the least resemblance to the rest of our intellectual powers, is called *reason*. The idea of the whole sensible world offers nothing to us that is not corporeal, finite, and perishable. However the territory of reason opens to us a prospect to a world without bounds, and of an everlasting duration; displays to us a kingdom of spirits which is governed by one Infinite Spirit after wise and sacred laws. An unknown world of which we had not the most distant notion, of which sensation gives us not the least hint, and for which our senses have no perception nor scale, opens to our view when

"our reason begins to unfold itself. You see, therefore what faculty of the soul must be our guide in our present investigation, if we wish to penetrate, by means of it, to the kingdom of spirits."

"Reason!"

"Certainly! there is no other choice left; and therefore let us learn to value and to use this light that illuminates the darkness in which every object disappears from the eyes of mere sensitive men, or at most appears very *obscure* to them. That man whose reason is overdarkened, or discomposed by sensuality, either will deny the existence of spirits and our relation to them, or attribute to them the contradictory shape which his disordered imagination has hatched out, like the blind-born, who denies the existence of colours as ridiculous and absurd, or if he believes the unanimous testimony of those that see, imagines colours to bear some resemblance to sounds. Unbelief and superstition afford us numberless instances of people of that description. Only the more impartial have always maintained that one ought not to judge precipitately of these objects, and only the wisest of mankind have been able to form a just judgment of them."

"O Hiermanfor! introduce me to the circle of the latter. I have already in the different periods of my life adhered to all the other parties. In the days of my earlier youth I believed in apparitions, like the most ignorant of the lowest class. In a more advanced period of life I fancied I was convinced of the impossibility of apparitions, and ever since I got acquainted with you, I have been wavering between unbelief and superstition. It was but lately that I resolved to postpone my judgment on these subjects, till I should be better convinced, and this conviction I expect of you."

(To be continued.)

RUNNERS REMARKABLE FOR SWIFTNESS.

PHILIPPIDES being sent on a message from the Athenians to the republic of Sparta, to gain their assistance against their enemies the Persians, ran within the compass of two days an hundred and fifty Roman miles and an half.

Under the emperor Leo, the same that succeeded Marcian, there was a Greek named Indacus, a man of extraordinary courage, and of wonderful nimbleness of foot. He was to be seen at parting, but vanished in the twinkling of an eye; he rather seemed to fly than run over mountains and dangerous precipices, and would run farther in a day than any post could ride, though he staid not a minute to change his horse, and having performed his journey, would return back the next day, though there was no occasion for making so much haste, merely because he took delight in running, and never complained of being weary.

In Peru they have Casquis, or foot posts, to carry letters or messages from place to place, who have houses about a league and an half asunder, they running each man to the next, will run fifty leagues in a day and a night.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A FRAGMENT.

"Child of a day—the being of an hour,
"He hurries swiftly through life's troublous scene;
"Treads the same path which thousands trod before,
"Then dies, and is as though he ne'er had been."

Mrs. FAUCERES.

"BUT just launched on time's wide ocean!"
exclaims the expiring EDWARD, "and, Oh! must the
farewell be now? Must I now take a long, a last adieu
of all I hold dear in life? 'Tis true! He that lays the
king on a level with the beggar now calls on me. My
glass is almost run; the sands fall fast; the last one now
trembles to be gone; tis near the bottom!—it drops! 'tis
gone!"—"And there fled thy spirit too," sobbed out
MATILDA.

How despotic does Death wield his sceptre! but with
what impartiality! It matters not; "the flower just open-
ing into bloom," or the hoary head that has long been ripen-
ing for the grave: He strikes indiscriminately; the young
and the aged are alike exposed.

The filken bands of matrimony had but just fastened
EDWARD to MATILDA. No tender pledge of their mu-
tual loves had yet blest them. Happiness seemed within
their grasp. But, how transient are our pleasures! how
fleeting are our joys!—Business had called EDWARD to
the metropolis: On his return he was taken sick. A
skilful physician was procured, who gave it as his opi-
nion that his patient had caught the malignant distemper
which so greatly prevailed in the capital. But it might
give way to medicine, and it was liberally administered
for that purpose. Unavailing were the efforts of the
doctor to revive the almost expiring lamp of life. In a
few days EDWARD laid down his mortal life, and his
spirit took its flight to happier regions.

His amiable partner, to shew the love she bore him,
had a marble slab, plain and neat, placed over his grave,
on which is this inscription:

Near to this place
Reposeth
EDWARD BLACKRIDGE.
A pattern of unfeigned

Love:
Who was robbed of existence;
While yet in his
Prime.

And at intervals MATILDA steals to this spot, and bathes
the stone with her tears.

L. B.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 1, 1796.

REMARK.

THE tears which we strive to hide are the most affect-
ing. The violence we thus do ourselves shows both
courage and sensibility.—In like manner, laughter is
never more strong than when we endeavour to suppress
it. Every opposition strengthens desire: the wave which
meets with obstacles, foams, becomes impetuous, or rises
into the air.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Linn,
Doctor WILLIAM DOLL of Colchester, to Miss SOPHIA
CHRISTINA BAUMAN, daughter of Col. Sebastian Bau-
man of this city.

At Norwalk, on Monday evening the 26th ult. by the
Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, Mr. JAMES JARVIS of this city, to
Miss BETSEY MOTT of that place.

May blessings, without ceasing,
Upon their heads descend;
And pleasures, ne'er decreasing,
With love and friendship blend.

Soon a fair train surrounding,
May they enraptur'd see;
In antic races bounding,
Or prattling on the knee.

And when, with heads declining,
And silver'd o'er with age,
Their latest breath resigning,
They quit this mortal stage;

May the angelic legions
Their happy souls convey
High to the blissful regions
Of everlasting day.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 25th ult. to the 1st inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	8, A. M. 1, P. M. 6, P. M.	deg. 100 deg. 100 deg. 100			
SEPT. 25	57 25 73	72		w. sw. w.	clear, do. do.
26	54 50 65	50 62 75		nw. do. do.	clear, do. do.
27	56 50 67	63		se. s. do.	rain, do. do.
28	58 50 64	64 50		ne. sw. do.	great rain cloudy do.
29	57 25 65	25 61 25		nw. do. do.	clear, do. do.
30	53 63 50	66		n. do. nw.	cloudy, do.
*Oct. 1	46 54			n. do.	cloudy do.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

For Sept. 1796.

	deg. 100
Mean temperature of the thermometer at 8 A. M.	63
Do. do. do. 1 P. M.	71
Do. do. do. 6 P. M.	67
Do. of the whole month	66
Greatest monthly rage between the 14th & 23d	83
Do. do. in 24 hours, between the 22d & 23d	75
Warmest day the 14th.	83
The coldest do. the 23d	50
9 Days it has rained in this Month, and a considerable quantity has fallen	

One day it thundered, and lightened the 14th, and it is presumed there
was as great a quantity, as ever was experienced within eight hours.
17 days it was clear, at 8, 1 & 6 o'clock, 5 days it was cloudy at 8, 1 & 6
o'clock.

3 do. the wind was high, at ditto, 18 do. the wind was light at do.
20 Days the wind was to the westward of North and South.
10 Do the wind was to the Eastward of do. do.

* This observation has been made at 6 A. M. or about Sun-rise, and
3 P. M. on the supposition, that those hours will better shew the state
of our climate, as it is generally supposed, that at or nearly Sun-rise; it is
the coldest, and at 3 P. M. the warmest time of the day.

This change in the periods of observation, will be continued in fu-
ture.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MILITARY FAME.

O THOU that figh'st to join the scenes of war,
And gain the glories of the martial train;
Reflect what woes surround the trophied car,
What crimson tints the wish'd-for circlet stain.

If tender sympathy be not unknown,
If heaven-born mercy in thy bosom glow,
Reject the impurpl'd wreath, the laurel crown
Can flourish only in the scenes of woe.

Wert thou the noblest bravest son of Mars,
Did fear precede thee, conquest still attend;
All the long glories of successive wars
On fickle Fortune's favouring smile depend.

Ev'n godlike Paoli's confest her sway,
By her they flourish and by her they fade;
The adverse fortune of one hapless day
Condemns thee to oblivion's dreary shade.

Such is a brittle bubble blown in air,
Such the bright lustre of the morning skies;
So some tall tree may vernal honours bear,
And bloomy verdure charm the wondering eyes:
But, ah! how fleeting the illusive glare
When the clouds gather, and the storms arise!

MATILDA.

NEW-YORK.

REFLECTIONS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

ALL hail ye peaceful scenes, in whose still plain
Sweet solitude and melancholy dwell;
Where uncontrouled awe doth pensive reign,
And rev'rence mutes in each silent cell.

With mem'ry's retrospective eye I view
These ghastly figures—(loathsome to the eyes)
These are the skulls of those I lately knew,
The once adored, beautiful, and wise!

The statesman and the clown here peaceful lie,
The slave for liberty don't here dispute;
With death's decree Neptune and Mars comply;
And patriotic eloquence lies mute!

When Sol the East with blushes does adorn;
The rose expands her leaves to every ray:
Tho' thus compos'd of beauty in the morn,
At eve she bows her head and doth decay.

So lies the maid who once with beauty blest,
And at whose feet youths supplicating lay,
While beauty reign'd she was by them caress'd:
But none pays tribute to her breathless clay.

Each silent tomb methinks lets fall a tear,
While ev'ry grave in plaintive accents say:
"In pride of youth like you we did appear,
"But you like us, must moulder and decay."

"Ye sons of dissipation, now pursue
"The paths of rectitude—for short's the span,
"Remember while these monuments you view,
"The chiefest study of mankind is man."

ON MY BEARD.—A SONNET.

THE orb of day seven times, this fatal morn,
Has sped his course thro' each revolving sign,
Since first in evil hour, reluctant torn,
The down of youth forsook these cheeks of mine.

Ah! fashion! had I view'd thy sneers with scorn,
Unravag'd still the sacred growth would shine:
The majesty of manhood, still unshorn,
Shou'd sweep my breast luxuriant as the vine.

Now, woe is met a dupe to impious zeal,
Unequal war with Nature do I wage;
While, as each sun returns, the ruthless steel,
To waste her produce, plies its whetted rage.
Like Grecia's godlike fates dare I feel,
My shaggy chin shou'd mock this silly age.

THE DOCTORS' DUEL.

TWO Doctors fought, and thrice from each
A deadly ball was sent,
Though keenly aim'd, the bullets' force
In air impassive spent.

Ye sons of Mars forbear to smile,
Since every man must know;
'Tis not by pistol, sword, or gun,
A Doctor kills his foe.

For had they been on death intent,
How surely might they kill,
Or by a gentle cooling draught,
Or mild Saturnian Pill.

THE EXTENT OF LIFE'S VARIETY.

JUST this little, and no more,
Is in ev'ry mortal's pow'r,
Each to say, I tasted breath,
But the cup was fraught with death;
I have sigh'd, have laugh'd, have wept,
Wak'd to think, and thinking slept;
Slept my wearied limbs to rest,
Wak'd with labour in my breast;
Met with sorrows, happily o'er,
Mix'd in pleasures now no more;
Hop'd and fear'd, with equal sense,
Dup'd by many a slight pretence:
Soon shall my soul her veil throw by,
My body with its kindred lie;
Of this I'm certain, but the rest
Is lock'd within a higher breast.

EPIGRAM.

ON SEEING THE SERVANT OF A SCOUNDREL BEAT HIS MASTER'S COAT.

WHY merciless thwack PETER's coat?
My friend you surely jest!
I'd rather beat the Lofel's back,
And let his vestment rest.

The Calligator look'd and smil'd;
Said he, "You've wrong premis'd;
"For 'tis the habits of the man
"That make the man delis'd."

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